

A Little Twisted. by DriedFlowers, Pale_Goblin

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Summary:

barely visible in the alley between two abandoned shops, was a tall man dressed in dark denim and golden strands that fell over his shoulders in beautiful curls. He was pretty, despite, or maybe because of, the deep scowl etched into his features. The closer Steve looked, it seemed there was another person there, pushed up against the man and the dirty brick of the wall.

The curiosity got the better of him, and rather than sidle back into his car to drive 40 minutes to a dull house with boring people and boring television; he found his feet carrying him closer. Steve was friends with the shadows, staying well within them to edge closer to

the struggle. It was when he had just made it to the opening of the alley that he heard the all-too-familiar crunch of bone and a strangled scream for help that sounded more gurgle than yell. The man was standing, staring down at the body and the bloodied mess he'd made of the wall and his hands. Shining, wet blood covered the front of him, splatters adorning the smooth skin of his face.

It was gorgeous. He was gorgeous.

1. The King

Notes for the Chapter:

****This whole fic is triggering****

It was late, later then Steve wanted to leave work. Working for his father's business had been the worst mistake of his life. The long hours, business trips, and paperwork killed him. The only thing that added fun to his life was his body count and not in a sex way. Every business trip, he left a crime scene behind; it was an excellent hobby, a fun game.

As Steve unlocked his car that was parked in the darkness of the street, he heard sounds coming from the alleyway—harsh breaths and muffled screams paired with the tell-tell sounds of struggle. There, barely visible in the alley between two abandoned shops, was a tall man dressed in dark denim and golden strands that fell over his shoulders in beautiful curls. He was pretty, despite, or maybe because of, the deep scowl etched into his features. The closer Steve looked, it seemed there was another person there, pushed up against the man and the dirty brick of the wall.

The curiosity got the better of him, and rather than sidle back into his car to drive 40 minutes to a dull house with boring people and boring television; he found his feet carrying him closer. Steve was friends with the shadows, staying well within them to edge closer to the struggle. It was when he had just made it to the opening of the alley that he heard the all-too-familiar crunch of bone and a strangled scream for help that sounded more gurgle than yell. The man was standing, staring down at the body and the bloodied mess he'd made of the wall and his hands. Shining, wet blood covered the front of him, splatters adorning the smooth skin of his face.

It was gorgeous. He was gorgeous.

Steve watched the rage boiling in the man's face turn sour, listening to him swear under his breath. His blood-covered hands reaching for his blonde curls to smooth it out of his face. Steve smiled in the alley's dim light. Seeing the reaction of a man's first kill was titillating to witness.

Steve's first kill was cleaner, more planned, and he was 12. He had many years to fine-tune his skills and make sure he was hidden from

people's noses, Of course, unless he was too excited like now. Steve hadn't noticed the can at his feet which he kicked into the dead body when he shifted his weight.

The man got spooked, and in fear of losing this beautiful man, he put his hands up, showing himself.

"Wait, Wait, don't run."

The man's hands were shaking, slight tremors running up and down his spine as he took Steve in. Those sharp, light eyes dragged over his suit-clad figure, and if Steve had been the type of man to blush, his cheeks would be dusted pink with the intense attention the man gave him.

"Who- I didn't. He was," his voice cracked, wide, terrified eyes looking down at the bloodied mess the victim's face was, "What did I do?"

"Looks like you killed him," Steve said calmly, eyeing the man's messy job. "Poorly, I might add," Steve kneeled, being careful not to get blood on himself. "Good spot though, dark alley, broken cameras." Steve eyed the area, breaking it down for himself to see how easy this would be to cover up.

The man's eyebrows furrowed, his body screamed defensive, waiting for Steve to shout or call the cops or something. But he didn't.

"Who are you?" He spat, top lip pulling up into a snarl. He looked like a cornered animal, faced with a variable that had the ability to ruin him. Hell, he'd murdered someone in a blind rage—he'd already been ruined if it wasn't for Steve, and isn't that a nice little bit of luck.

Steve smiled when he locked gazes with the fear-filled blue of the man's eyes. "Seems like I'm your guardian angel." Steve winked—the excitement building in his chest was impressive; honestly, he was kind of turned on by all of this. "Wait here; I have a kit in my car. I promise I'm here to help you."

The man stood flabbergasted, the blood coating the front of his shirt and up and down his arms starting to chill with the cold wind. Steve turned and made his way back to his car, nonchalant and even a slight spring in his step, the blond stranger left in the disturbing quiet of the alley. The silence was deafening, and it roared in the man's ears.

Steve returned moments later, holding a large black case, wearing a rudder-looking apron and gloves. He had a smile on his face that seemed not to fade. "Can I ask you some questions? About this friend

of yours, about tonight?" Steve placed the case on the ground, wondering if this was weird for him, this well-dressed stranger who happens to be a psychopathic murderer. "What's your name?"

The man's mouth dropped open a bit, taking Steve even before giving a small, unbelieving chuckle and mumbling what the fuck under his breath. "You're a nutcase, aren't you?" He gave Steve a cautious side-eye before facing him head-on, meeting his gaze, "You can call me Neil. And that," he said, pointing at the body, "is not my friend. But ask away if you gotta."

Steve completely ignored Neil's stab at him for being 'crazy' Steve wasn't crazy—far from it.

"Did you have sex with him?" Steve mumbled as he pulled out a plastic sheet from his case and laid it on the ground.

Billy licked his lips nervously, hands tightening into fists at his side. "No! N-no," he hesitated, stomach rolling uncomfortably at recalling what had made him do... this... in the first place, "He was trying to — he put something in my drink. But it must've been weak or some shit because I could still move. Kinda. I came-to here and kinda, just," his nostrils flared with fury, eyes even beginning to blur with tears just remembering. He didn't want to remember. "I didn't give him the chance to."

Steve snorted at himself as he dragged the body onto the sheet. Not at Neil's misfortune but the fact that he helped throw the defense case out the window if he got caught. "Then good riddance to this ass hole--" Steve went through the victim's pants, pulling out a wallet but no car keys. Sad, he couldn't make it look like a car crash. "-- Mr. Bates." Steve read the ID in the wallet, pressing his lips together with a chuckle, "not anymore."

"Bates? That's his name?" Neil gave an unbelieving laugh, giggles pouring out of him, quickly turning into hysterics, "Oh god. I'm sorry, it's just. Like that one movie? American Psycho? Bates?" He covered his mouth with a trembling hand to quiet the chuckles forcing their way out of him, "Guess it's not him that's the killer this time, though."

Steve loved hearing the laughter pouring out of Neil's mouth. It was sweet and gave Steve goosebumps just listening to it echo off the walls. He kind of forgot to give his name. He was still tied up in the blood and the blue of this man's eyes. "I'm Ste--no- uh Steve" Steve stumbled the words out of his mouth, giving Neil his real name with so much trust. His beautiful face was throwing Steve off his game.

Neil squinted at him, chuckles finally calming down a bit as he watched Steve work. "Steve," he said slowly as if testing how the name tasted on his tongue. He must've approved because he nodded once before leaning back against the wall opposite to where he'd bashed the man's head in and slid to the ground. He stretched his legs out, his foot just barely touching the body's foot, and gave a little kick before letting his head thump back against the brick. "Well, what the fuck are we gonna do, Steve."

"Well, I'm taking this man home with me" Steve rolled the guy in the plastic sheet just not to make a mess of his car. "Since this was not planned, I will have to figure out how to get rid of the body, but we will clean up the blood and..." Steve's eyes flicked over Neil's body as he sat on the ground, which made Steve let out a disappointed sigh "...and we will get you cleaned up at my house."

"You're literally helping hide a murder right now," Neil raised an eyebrow at him, weariness pulling his features down and narrowing his eyes, "Why, pray tell, the fuck should I trust you enough to get into your car?"

Neil was on edge, hackles raised and expecting the worst from Steve. He'd narrowly avoided being attacked already tonight and instead managed to become a murderer in that short amount of time.

"For one, you don't have to trust me, and I don't expect you too" Steve pulled a spray bottle out of the case. "But I'm the only chance you have right now" Steve kind of felt like he was forcing Neil to come with him, but he wasn't. If Steve wanted to have his way, Neil would have been knocked out and hogtied in the back of his car.

Steve started cleaning the blood off the walls taking his time even though no one probably came down here much unless they were also criminals.

Neil let his head thump back against the wall again, closing his eyes. His stomach was cramping with anxiety, and he still felt sick from earlier—the panic and disgust of being so vulnerable settled like lead in his chest.

"Maybe," he peeked one eye open, lazily watching Steve scrub and spray at the chunky red mess on the wall, "Once I know for sure you're not gonna fuck me over." Neil still felt the fear clawing its way up from his chest, and yet in that mess of emotions, not one of them was guilt over what he had done. It had felt...right to kill him. Good, even.

Steve enjoyed the clean-up more than the kill itself; it added some kind of normal part to it for him. Steve never felt guilt but knew he wasn't normal, but he didn't care if he was. Steve looked back at the guy exhausted against the wall of the alley. "The anxiety will pass," Steve mumbled, giving him a shy smile. "Then you will taste true freedom."

Neil snorted, taking a deep, shuddering breath. "You sound like you've done this before, pretty boy. Run into a lot of murders, do you?"

Steve laughed. "I don't run into a lot. It's not like we have a club or anything," Steve cleaned up the last bit on the wall before moving to where the body has been sitting. "But, I have done this before, 42 times counting helping you; I've even got a fancy killer name now."

Neil's eyebrows shot up, face sobering, "Really now?" He looked nervous. Funny almost, like there's a difference between killing 42 or 1 with his bare hands. "And what would that be? How so many?"

Steve licked his lips as he looked up at Neil. "They call me the King; I haven't been caught because I don't kill in the same city twice in the same year. They only connected the dots a few months ago."

Neil's eyes grew big, mouth propping open as he took in the killer who had just started to take over just about every news story as of late. "Holy fuck. Bullshit." he sat up against the wall, pushing up off of it to stride over to Steve as if getting a better look at the man would help him make the connection to a faceless serial killer. "And you're helping me? Now?" his face screwed up in confusion, taking yet another step towards Steve, "Why?" he said quietly, peering into his eyes as if trying to find the answers to all the questions clogging his brain there.

Steve shrugged. "My life is boring, and you're just the excitement I needed today." Steve stood up and finally finished the rest of the work. He watched Neil check him out, trying to figure out what was not very hard if you knew how to look. "Do I scare you?"

Neil didn't answer right away, keeping his intense eye contact and considering the question with a low hum. "No. You don't." He settled on, stating it firmly and with conviction. Steve was terrifying, but the shine in Neil's eye confirms that he would rather die than let him know that.

Steve made a face when he looked interested more than he was before in Neil. "Well, come on then" Steve put his stuff away, closing the case up and handing it to Neil with a wink, "unless you want to

get caught, that is" Steve smiled faded at the possibility that Neil could just say no and run, but Steve would make sure his actions had consequences.

Fortunately, it seemed Neil had better common sense than that and hesitantly stepped forward to take the case. "You look like you know what you're doing. I'd rather take your lead than to spend the next 30 years in prison." Neil replied in perfect deadpan. He wasn't a fool—he knew what happens to boys like him if he was targeted before being in a building full of men with his being as pretty as he was... well, that's just asking for trouble, isn't it?

Steve smiled. "Smart boy." Honestly, Steve would have so much fun with this guy; maybe they would even kill together. Hmm, the idea of that, the excitement of it.

Steve picked up the body, throwing it over his shoulders like it was nothing to him--it was unfortunate he would have to get rid of his suit because of this. Hunting in clothes you wear is never a good idea with fibers getting everywhere.

"My car's not far."

Neil slowed, eying how easily Steve had manhandled a grown man's dead weight. He wasn't sure if that added to the intimidation or stirred something in him. Neil gave his head a slight shake before gripping the case in his hands tighter and following Steve back out to his car.

It was a fancy thing, sleek black and probably more expensive than Neil had ever owned or even touched.

Steve opened the trunk of the car and placed the body down into it. Honestly, all of this tonight made him yearn for another hunt, but he wasn't going on another trip for a few weeks.

Steve let out a sigh as he grabbed the case from Neil and put it in with the body, and removed the extra attire he was wearing.

"Get in the back seat. I already put a sheet down for you" Steve opened the back door like a gentleman. Steve wondered what Neil was feeling, how much excitement was kicking in? Did he feel good? Steve always enjoyed the thrill of it all, but he wanted to know how other people thought.

Neil pulled a face at his commanding tone, but climbed in anyway, face passive save for his ears' tips that flushed a pretty red. "M, not a damn dog, yknow," he mumbled out, although he understood the reasoning given the front of his shirt was splattered in blood.

He shuffled in, careful not to touch anything that wasn't the plastic

sheet lining the inside of the car. "What're you going to do with him?" he asked quietly, the meekest Steve's seen him all night.

Steve got out into the car's front seat and fixed his mirror to see Neil in the back seat, getting to see him in a slightly better light before the overhead light in the car went out as he turned the car on.

"Well, dump his body somewhere in a few days," Steve smiled, thinking about how he could take credit for it. "Maybe cut something into his skin, take the top of his skull, and put it on my wall."

It's not something that's been disclosed by the cops yet, at least not officially. Reporters have spread the news like cockroaches in hidden corners, whispering about how the serial killer King takes the crown of the victims' scalps. It's terrifying, really. Neil narrows his eyes a smidge.

"Why do you do it?"

Steve had never thought about why he did what he did; he only started doing it three victims into this game of his. Sometimes he does it when the people are still alive, watching the fear dripping from their eyes until the shock sets in.

"They don't deserve a crown."

Neil hummed, "Who deserves a crown, then?"

Steve pulled out of the parking spot, locking eyes with Neil in the mirror. "I do."

Neil held his gaze—feeling trapped by Steve's shockingly clear brown eyes, and yet he felt no struggle or want to break out of it.

Neil is prey. Interesting, pretty, entertaining prey.

And Steve was going to eat him alive just to force him to submit to him. To admit how scared he is of The King.

2. The Collection.

Steve's house was a 40-minute drive out of Hawkins, deep in the depths of the forest. It was an old farmhouse he renovated into a stylish home and made the old barn into something else. He pulled up to the house parking at the end of the long driveway.

"We're here," Steve said flatly as he got out of the car. "Let's get you cleaned up, and I'll deal with the rest."

Neil gazed up at the farmhouse with wide eyes, "You're fuckin loaded." He whispered, gingerly opening the door to step out.

Steve smiled at Neil's expression. "Yeah, being vice president of a corporation helps." When Neil stepped out of the car, Steve lightly grabbed him by the chin, finally noticing a few wounds under the blood. The outside lights of his house lit up the beauty of Neil's features. He indeed was the most beautiful man Steve had ever seen.

"Did he hurt you?"

Neil swallowed, eyes sweeping over Steve's face so close to his. They were complex, calculating, but he didn't feel threatened by what he found in them. "He punched me and scratched at my face when I—when I woke up."

Steve lightly rubbed his thumb across Neil's busted lip. Not trying to make a pass at him in that way, but he really wanted to know how soft they were. Neil's mouth popped open a bit, standing still as Steve's hands explored as they wished.

"I have some clothes you can have," Steve whispered softly as if not to scare Neil off even though the primal part of him wanted to see Neil running from him.

Neil gave a slight nod, blue eyes flickering down to Steve's lips for a spell before shooting back up with guilt. Steve had to bite back a smirk at that; it looks like his newfound interest had found him interesting back.

"It's Billy." The previously introduced Neil said, breath warm against Steve's thumb. "Neil's my father. I didn't—don't—trust you. But seeing as you've got something of mine in your trunk..." the corners of his lips quirked up a tad, "You can call me the right name."

Steve had an odd sense of pride; giving someone a fake name was always good. "You're already a natural, Billy," Steve mumbled, sliding

his thumb into Billy's mouth out of a need to find something not pretty about him. Running his thumb along with Billy's teeth as he looked slightly disappointed before removing his finger with a long-winded sigh. Absolutely perfect.

Billy's cheeks were flushed red when he looked back at him, mouth still propped open from Steve's curious hands. Even that made something in his smile, Billy staying where Steve had put him. He slowly blinked before startling and snapping his mouth shut, "Can we just go?" He grumbled, wrapping a pair of leather-clad arms around himself standoffish.

Steve nodded and started walking to the front door, unlocking the door with a keypad on the side. Steve made sure no one could go in and out of the building unless he wanted them to. "Welcome to castle Harrington."

The moment the doors opened, you could clearly see on the far back wall rows of crowns of people's skulls on display. At first, they really just looked like bowls painted in different colours like a monument, But Billy knew better.

He eyed them, a sick interest in each one as he strode over in curiosity as Steve looked on in amusement. "These are them." Billy leaned over, gently brushing them with the tips of his fingers with interest clear in his eyes.

"Beautiful aren't they" Steve followed close behind, watching the look on Billy's face as he touched them. The two of them playing this dance around each other like lions ready to mate.

"Gorgeous." Billy moved on to another, this one painted in swirls of blues and oranges and black. He traced a small crack in it. "Who was this?"

Steve reached over to remove it from the wall showing Billy the inside of it where he carved the name into it.

Jonathan B.

"I think I was about 18,"

Billy's eyebrows shot up, "Young. How'd you know him?"

"School—we went out of town for a basketball tournament." Steve placed it back on the wall carefully. "He thought I was his friend, but I just wanted to hear what he sounded like burning alive."

"So you burned him?"

"Yeah, is that surprising?" Steve looked at Billy, searching his eyes for an answer.

"It's... well, it would depend on who he was. Why him? Did he deserve it?" Billy turned back toward the wall, neck craning up to see the entire expanse of the collection, "The guy in the trunk deserved it. I don't feel bad."

Steve chuckled, "Do they really have to deserve it? Every one of these was really just for my amusement. They were all going to die eventually."

Billy pulled a face, raising an eyebrow back at Steve but saying nothing. He wasn't wrong. And it didn't feel wrong to see all these people's lives shortened—they could've died the same day from something else; it doesn't matter much. "I'd like it better, personally, if they deserved it. But we're all sinners in some way."

Steve smiled at him, "whatever helps you sleep at night, come let's get that beautiful face of yours cleaned up." Steve reached up and rubbed some of the dried blood of Billy's face with his thumb.

Billy's eyes widened a bit before his lips grew into a smile. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Mr. Harrington." He took a small step backward, quirked an eyebrow at Steve as if to say lead the way. So he did.

Steve brought Billy to his bedroom, where there was an on-suite bathroom connected; it was simply designed besides nightmare-like paintings all over the house. You could tell that Steve didn't hide his dark tastes very well.

"The bathroom is there. You can borrow some of my clothes."

Billy stopped just outside the bathroom, turning so that he could lean back against the expensive-looking door and eye Steve in full. "Am I staying with you? Why?" He sounded suspicious, weary. It's not the first time Billy's been taken home by men in fancy suits and expected to stay the night—but it is the first time said man had helped cover up a murder he had committed.

"You can stay if you want, or I can drive you home" Steve didn't really expect Billy to stay even though he would like it. "I have a guest room you can use."

"That's awfully kind of you. What're you getting out of all of this?"

Steve pulled some sweat pants and a plain shirt out for Billy and walked over to him "as I said before, you made my boring life a little more interesting."

"What happens when I'm not interesting anymore?"

Steve smiled, "Then I'll get rid of you."

Billy held his gaze for a brief moment, eyes flicking back and forth,

trying to read Steve, trying to decipher what gets rid of you means--the smile shining with a glint of morbid curiosity. Like Billy was a toy for Steve to play with and discard when worn down to the point it simply breaks. Billy doesn't understand the thrill that shoots up his spine at that, and he's not sure he wants to.

He instead nods, eyes falling to his shoes as he scuffs then and pops himself off of the door, "Guess I'll just have to keep you on your toes then, huh Stevie?"

Steve didn't answer but watched Billy, filling his mind with things he could do to this newfound toy. He didn't understand how Billy wasn't scared of him or how he was holding up so well after finding out about him.

He kept watching Billy even as he undressed, putting his foot in the doorway to stop it from closing. Steve was still looking for that one imperfection. Billy squirmed, eyeing Steve and trying to desperately hint that he wanted privacy while he showered. He was uncomfortable--but it wasn't apparent why until he'd pulled his shirt over his head. Perfect, toned body muscled and golden, pulling taut as he slipped each article of clothing off and revealing thick, ugly scars that cross-crossed his chest and back.

Steve's face didn't show much; it stayed the same blank look as it always did as he watched. He was taking in every line and edge of Billy's flesh and violent scars. This was what he was looking for. This is what made him interesting.

Billy took a breath before letting his last piece of clothing fall away. "What're you thinking? It's too hard to tell with you."

"You're magnificent," Steve mumbled, unconsciously undoing his tie around his neck. Steve wanted to feel him, running his hands along the scars to take in the enjoyment someone must have felt ripping at his flesh. Steve wanted to feel that enjoyment.

It must've been the way Steve was staring at him like he wanted to eat him alive, some sort of primal want for ruin that ran through them both. Billy flushed blotchy pink, spotting down to his chest. "They're disgusting. Horrible."

Steve laughed, slowly unbuttoning his shirt showing scars of his own. Smaller and more spread out different types from people trying to defend themselves against his force. "Nothing is disgusting about them."

Billy's eyes locked onto his chest, inching forward and placing a hand in the middle right over a jagged scar that slashed over one pec. He

traced the pad of his thumb over it, gentle. "Mine are."

"Every scar tells a story; it's like reading a comic book," Steve gently touched the edge of Billy's scar tracing it carefully. It was odd to Billy to see someone so gentle after talking about burning someone alive, but the soft brushing of Steve's hands on his skin had him holding his breath.

"It's artwork..." Steve whispered.

"I didn't want these," Billy ground out, "They're marks of a coward. You got yours from acts of mercy."

Steve kept tracing the scars, his thoughts racing, "I could make you like them. Add to the collection?" Steve word vomited, he usually was level-headed, but something about these scars about Billy made him want to hear the guy beg, but not for his life.

Billy's face scrunched in pain as if automatically going to decline, remembering how it felt to have gotten them in the first place, but he gave pause. "How?"

"There are many ways to get scars," Steve traced over the scar on his chest, sliding over his nipple. "Self-defense, fighting, hunting."

Steve's lips curled into a smile "pleasure."

Billy stifled a gasp, hands flattening on either side of Steve's chest as his pale, cold hands explored his skin. Goosebumps trailed where Steve touched, "And if I was interested?"

Steve moved his hand up to Billy's neck, just holding it there but not squeezing. "I'll make sure you enjoy it, so you have happy memories to look back on."

Billy sighed, soft and sweet, as he leaned into the hold on his neck. It was a secure weight that anchored him, and he took another step forward until his front was pressed up against Steve's. "Do it."

"Impatient, aren't we" Steve chuckled, "I barely know anything about you, Billy." Steve was picky with people he let into his life, and the offer he just gave held a lot of weight to it. It was his twisted way of showing sexual affection.

Steve rubbed his thumb along the vein of Billy's neck, feeling the racing heartbeat. "Are you turned on right now?"

Billy bit his lip, "Yes. You knew that."

Steve did know that with Billy's hips against his, all he could feel was Billy's cock.

"Go clean yourself off."

Steve felt Billy's prick twitch against his thigh at the same time that he growled a low, "Don't command me. I'm not your dog."

Steve squeezed his hand slightly around Billy's neck. He was not saying anything, just giving that blank stare into Billy's eyes.

He felt Billy swallow against his hand, expression locked in the same stubborn glare. He looked unwilling to back down. It was weird having someone not be scared of him.

"After all I have done for you."

Billy's lip twitched in an aborted scowl for a second before he lowered his eyes in furious submission, "I'm not your dog." He whispered again, body lax and the fight drained from him.

Steve let go of Billy, not moving away from their pressed bodies. He liked the fight in Billy but definitely wanted to get him to submit like this more just for him.

Steve smiled at him, his rare smile that was beautiful in every way.

"Do you want me to join you then?" Steve deflected onto something else without missing a beat.

Billy thought for a second, hands still splayed on Steve, although migrated down to his hips. He was still ashamedly hard, but fuck if he'd say that out loud. Instead, Billy gave a slight nod.

Steve shrugged off his shirt and jacket, letting it fall to the floor around them. He let Billy hold on to him, "You're going to have to move so I can get my pants off," Steve mumbled before running his thumb against Billy's bottom lip. "Unless you wanna help."

The tip of Billy's tongue poked at his thumb, and rough tanned hands slid down his torso to work his belt buckle and slacks open. Billy's fingers worked slow, dragging them down Steve's legs and dropping with them until he knelt at his feet—head tilted back and looking up at Steve.

Billy could tell that Steve wasn't hard, but Steve's look from above was breathtaking. The cold hard stare had a comfort behind it for Billy, like Steve saw more in him than just his looks. He was different from the other men he had met.

"Your eyes are so blue" Steve reached to trace Billy's eyebrows with his thumb, obsessing over every detail of this man.

Billy's eyes fluttered shut at the caress, almost embarrassed how fast he'd gone from nearly decking this man to kneeling at his feet and enjoying his touch. "They're just blue." He quietly replied.

Steve laughed, "You really don't know how to take a compliment."

Steve moved his hand into Billy's curly locks, massaging Billy's scalp. "I don't just get undressed for anyone; they have to be pretty amusing for that."

"I'm not sure that's a compliment." Billy eyed him, thumbs rubbing against the soft hair on his thighs, "anyone else, I'd think it wasn't. You make it seem like one, though."

Steve gave him a slight smile, just enjoying the minor details of Billy. He wanted to know why Billy made him feel this way. Why didn't he want to kill him?

"It is a compliment" Steve added another hand into Billy's hair letting out a little bit of a breath for how soft it was even with blood caked in it.

It left the man beneath him to grunt softly, eyes fluttered closed, arching into the hands in his hair. Steve kept ranking his hands through it, giving into the urge to grip it in his fists, just to see what Billy would do. The reaction was immediate—blue eyes snapping open, wide and dilated and daring. He looked equal parts threatening as he did submissive.

"Everything about you is so interesting." Steve gave the curls a little sharp tug, nothing too painful but enough to make Billy gasp. It ripped a low growl out of him, but curiously enough, he didn't seem all too displeased with it physically.

"You're a bastard; you know that?" Billy ground out.

"You have seen nothing yet." Steve chuckled, removing his hands out of Billy's hair and fixing his own, ignoring how Billy gave a low, quiet whine. Steve took a deep breath like he was trying to calm something in himself down.

"I'm covered in blood." Billy reminded, staring pointedly at the shower.

"Then get up," Steve commanded, giving his blank stare as he let the words slip out of his mouth, unbidden.

Billy narrowed his eyes but stood up nonetheless and walked into the shower without another word—before Steve could give another command that ricocheted up his spine with a shiver.

Steve closed the door behind him, watching Billy start the shower and get the temp just right. He liked watching the blood leak off Billy's tanned skin onto the tile below.

He gave a relieved sigh, the hot water pounding down on his back, and Steve could see the tension drain out of him. It felt good to see him relaxed, even if he kept side-eyeing him like he expected to be

attacked.

Steve slowly walked up to the shower door, joining Billy in the shower, sliding his hand onto Billy's waist to feel the blood dripping off him. "Did you enjoy it?" Steve finally asked, wanting to know if Billy was just like him.

He watched him closely, catching the way his shoulders tensed again and the way his hands carefully clenched into fists at his sides. "He was a fucking rapist. He tried to hurt me," Billy let out a shaky breath, "Yes. I liked it."

Steve ran his thumb along Billy's hip bone, trying to get him to relax again. Part of Steve didn't like seeing Billy on edge; he didn't want him stressed about all this.

"Then you have nothing to worry about."

"I killed a man. And liked it. How the fuck isn't this something to be worried about?" Billy hissed back.

Steve moved his free hand to Billy's face, rubbing some of the blood off with his thumb as the water showered down on them. His eyes were flicking over Billy's angry expression.

"Because you have me to guide you."

Billy's eyes softened, flicking down to the floor, "When—If—I go down, you'll go down with me."

"We won't get caught" Steve lifted Billy's head with his chin. This excited Steve having a little bird under his wing. He dreamed about it, sharing his hobby and love for the craft with people, but everyone was dull until Billy.

"I'll make sure of it."

Billy locked eyes with him; bottom lip pulled between his teeth, "Your confidence is reassuring," he let out a breath, "But hell, if you've got the know-how to back up that confidence, then why the fuck not."

Steve smiled at the slight change in Billy, "I'll take care of the body—for now, you rest" Steve grabbed a loofa hanging off his shower caddy, Covering it in soap. "The guest room is down the hall to your left."

He lifted the loofa up to Billy, nudging him to turn away so that Steve could sidle up behind him. He slid it up towards his shoulders, wiping away blood-splattered there along his neck—pink stained bubbles trailing their way down Billy's body and over his thick, raised scars.

"We will be just fine."

3. Pet.

Steve had spent most of the night cutting the body into pieces and burying different parts of it in the woods since it was Billy's first kill; Steve decided not to put it on display for the world to see it.

It took hours of cutting, hacking at flesh, driving, and digging; Steve was exhausted.

Working a full day's work than covering up a murder was a lot for a Tuesday night. Steve had called in sick at work just before hopping into the shower, washing the dried blood and dirt from his skin. He would have to burn all their clothes and clean his car, but it was a task for later.

Now, though, he had an anomaly getting ready to sleep in his guest bedroom. It was late, but as he walked in, muddy boots and reddened shirt, Billy stepped out of his room to stare. He stood quietly, leaning against the doorframe of the room and taking in Steve's state of dishevelment. "Thank you."

Steve had just finished leaving the voice mail for his father, seeing Billy standing there in his shirt to cover up the scars that lined his body. "Shouldn't you be sleeping?" Steve asked as he slid his phone back into his pocket, removing the leather gloves he was wearing, caked in mud.

Billy shrugged, head tilting onto the frame, too. "Heard you come in."

Steve stared at Billy for a bit, wondering if he even slept while he was gone. "You should sleep," Steve mumbled as he walked into his bedroom.

He heard footsteps behind him as Billy followed after, quick on his heels. "What'd you do to him? Did you feed him to dogs?"

Steve let out a sigh as he removed his blood-stained t-shirt. "I cut up his body into pieces and spread it all over Hawkins Forest far away from here."

Billy was quiet behind him. Steve turned, expecting a shocked or horrified expression but instead found Billy's lips pulling into a small smile. "You're fuckin' genius," he paused, "what about his fingerprints? They do that now, y'know. Seen it on the news."

Maybe having someone under his wing wasn't as fun as he thought. Steve rubbed his eyes before placing his shirt in the bag of other clothes he needed to burn.

"Fingerprints are only good if they have a criminal record," Steve groaned, grabbing Billy's hand tracing cuts with his fingers "but, you can use a knife and cut open the fingertips here and here."

Billy's eyebrows pulled together, looking down at their joined hands, "How do you know he doesn't have a criminal record? I doubt I was the first he tried to attack. He was a sinner."

"I know a cop; he gives me access to records sometimes..." Steve held onto Billy's hand, not really wanting to let go of his soft skin. "Listen, criminal justice sucks; guys like me don't get caught, guys like him, same thing."

"I caught him," Billy said quietly, focusing on the gentle drag of Steve's skin on his, the touch oddly anchoring, "He's never going to hurt anyone ever again because of me."

Steve chuckled; Billy could hear the exhaustion in the back of Steve's throat. "You're doing their job for them."

"Maybe. If they did it themselves, I wouldn't have to." Billy hummed, reaching up to lightly push at Steve's chest, "You're tired."

Steve lost his footing, exhaustion pulling at his limbs and nearly falling over. "Well, stop asking so many questions." Steve groaned, giving him an equally as gentle push back before walking to the bathroom. God, he needed a shower.

"It's exciting." Billy shrugged, not moving much from the push, "And you look good covered in blood anyway."

Steve stopped in the doorway, placing his hand on the frame as he looked back at Billy with a smirk. "I know."

The sheer confidence, the grin that felt like Billy was trapped in a feral wolf, it ignited something in him. He didn't get the chance to act on it, though, Steve winking and closing the door firmly behind him.

"Get some sleep, Billy," Steve called from the other side of the door as he started the shower, craving the heat to soothe his aching muscles.

Billy could hear the water running through the house's pipes, the only other sound in his room being the crickets outside of his window. He was tucked up under the covers, mind carefully replaying the night's events in his head while the fan spun in a comforting whirl above him.

He was officially, undeniably, a murderer. The odd thing was that he didn't feel particularly bad about it—if anything, Billy felt that he did something good. The murder was warranted. If he hadn't killed that man, he'd have just found another slew of victims. At least this way, Billy gave the man a chance to be redeemed, to die and repent. Sleep pulled at his eyelids, the emotional and physical upheaval of today taking its toll on him. Billy tugged gently on the St. Julian the Hospitaller pendant he always kept around his neck and turned to bury himself further into the sheets. Everything was taken care of, Steve having finished tying up loose ends, so there really wasn't much more to do than sleep. Billy had done a good thing tonight.

Steve had woken up to himself, grinding his hips into the mattress, his cock hard and aching. He usually only woke up like this after taking a life, not cleaning up like some housekeeper.

A groan escaped his lips as his hips had a mind of their own moving into the mattress at a steady pace. Why did he feel like this? What was about last night that left him so wanting? Steve thought about Billy, the smile, and how perfect he looked, covered in blood.

The way Billy's eyes shined with that primal need when Steve was covered in the same blood. Fuck. Steve let out a moan—already so close to the edge without even touching himself. He buried his face into his pillow, trying to muffle the groans as he came thinking of him, of Billy. What was wrong with him. Before Steve could put much thought into it, his doorbell rang, and his head shot up FUCK.

Steve jumped out of bed, nearly falling over in the surprise of someone coming here at all. He ripped off his boxers and cleaned up the mess of slick cum off himself. Too bad he didn't get to enjoy it more than he had.

BUZZ

“Fuck I'm coming” Steve threw on his housecoat hanging behind his door, ready for moments like these. He jogged down the hall, trying to rush so the noise didn't wake his sleeping doll in the guest room.

“Open the door, Dingus!” A voice called on the other side--Robin.

“Ugh, the timing,” Steve groaned; having to put on his human “mask” was annoying when he had barely slept. He opened the door seeing her holding coffee and donuts in her hands.

“Wow, you look like shit” She laughed,

"What are you doing here?" Steve whispered, still trying to be quiet. The last thing he wanted was Billy to meet his work life.

"I heard you called in sick, so did I," Robin pushed through him to get into the house--which annoyed the fuck out of Steve--but he forced a laugh, trying to keep up appearances.

Steve heard the quiet creaking of floorboards behind him, the slightest indication that Billy was, in fact up but hadn't come out quite yet. Maybe checking that this wasn't the police squad coming to send him away. Robin was still blissfully unaware, until the blond curled menace himself stepped out in little else but a pair of boxers and one of Steve's shirts he had borrowed the night prior.

"And who is this gorgeous little lady?" Billy purred, cocky confidence in each step he took toward them. Fucking hell, this is a disaster.

When Robins's attention was moved to Billy, Steve glared at him, his face changing from a puppy dog back to the cold hard stare Billy was used to.

"Oh, Robin, Steve's coworker" She pushed the tray of coffees into Steve's hand. "Who might you be?" Her voice was dripping with curiosity, which sparked some kind of jealous burn in Steve's chest for some reason.

"A nobody that showed your coworker a good time," he paused, smouldering eyes on her, "Robin," Billy repeated, the name said with obvious promise.

Robin raised her eyebrow at Billy when she looked back at Steve, who just looked ever so confused. Honestly, Billy's idea was flawless, and Steve was pretty proud of him for coming up with a cover-up story on the fly like that. "You fucked this idiot?" Robin pointed at Steve, who looked offended as all hell.

"Hey, what the hell do you mean!" Steve slapped her hand away. "You're just jealous I can get laid!"

"Oh, don't go there, Steve!" Robin gasped, "You know I just broke up with Tammy!"

Billy's eyes flicked between the two—lingering on Steve and his rather abrupt personality change. There was a silent exchange between the two of them before Billy turned his attention back to Robin and gave a salacious grin, "I did actually fuck that idiot, thank you. Or rather, he fucked me. He's a charmer."

Steve swallowed hard at just the thought; with how his morning went, it's all he could really think about. "Thank you..." Steve said submissively, giving Robin a shy smile

Robin laughed, "Well, either way," Robin pulled out her coffee from the tray and handed the coffee to Billy. "Here—a coffee. I'm going to go because this is getting weird."

Steve let out a sigh of relief. "I'll see you tomorrow at work; thanks for everything."

Billy snorted a laugh, nodding his chin at her in thanks as she gave another wave and tease before leaving. He didn't say much, turning back to Steve, taking a sip of the coffee, and raising his eyebrows in silent question.

After Steve closed the door, he rested his head on it, "Thank you for doing that" Steve looked over at him back to his blank stare that somehow had a little more life in it now that Billy had seen him mask himself.

"What—for pretending to know who the fuck you just acted like or for telling her I let you fuck me?" He took another amused sip of coffee, cocking his hip out.

Steve smiled; seeing Billy enjoy himself was very cute. "Both really, you just gave yourself an alibi." Steve walked over to his couch, placing the donuts box on the table and taking a long drink of his coffee. He really did feel like shit.

"That was my original plan last night anyway. Getting fucked," Billy hummed, nudging Steve over before sitting down on the arm of the couch and gingerly poking at Steve's cheek, "You look like you haven't slept in three years."

Steve looked at him, just totally ignoring Billy poking fun at his looks. "Do you mean with me or just in general?"

Billy pressed his lips together in an attempt to poorly hide a smile, "In general. That's why I went to the bar. Why? Did you want me to mean you?"

Steve took another sip of coffee, unsure he wanted to just out himself over wanting that really badly. "I'm naked under this robe, and I need to clean my sheets," Steve mumbled as he got up to leave.

This time Billy did laugh—loud and unabashed. He whipped out a hand and wrapped it tightly around Steve's wrist, keeping him from leaving the conversation. "Oh really? Why naked? Why clean your sheets?" The wolfish grin on Billy's face told Steve he knew precisely why.

"Let go," Steve said sharply; he didn't want to admit that he lost any type of control over himself.

Billy's grin only got sharper, "Why?"

"I don't need to tell you why" Steve pulled his wrist, trying to get Billy to break the hold, but the blonde tightened his grip.

"But don't you want to?" Billy hummed, putting his coffee down on the table and scooting closer in, a wild look in his eye like he was waiting for Steve to lash out. To get the real Steve Harrington after seeing him pretend to be someone so different.

Steve did want to, and he honestly couldn't put his finger on why Billy made him lose control like this. Steve was good at deflecting things onto other people, and he had a plan to do it, but what came out of his mouth was not what he meant.

"You don't want to have sex with me; I will ruin you." good job, Harrington.

"Maybe that's exactly why I want to have sex with you."

Steve stared into Billy's eyes, thinking about how maybe Billy would be okay. He already knows what Steve, the honest Steve and he's killed, someone...

"Still no—we're not having sex."

Billy let go of his arm, a red imprint left on his pale skin just from the grip he had. Maybe it'll bruise. Perhaps he wants it to bruise.

"Yet."

Steve rolled his eyes at Billy's overconfidence in that statement. It was rare he ever had sex, honestly; he had been going on two years of nothing but his hand. It didn't really bug him—until now.

"Are you always like this?" Steve asked; it probably sounded ruder than he meant. "Ever since I helped you, it's all you seem to want to do is fuck me."

He just shrugged in response, "You helped me. You're hot. I slept here, and you didn't take advantage of me."

Steve laughed, "I see; well, you don't have to do whatever this is." Taking a sip of his coffee.

Billy raised an eyebrow at him, "Don't act like that's not the whole reason you did it. It's okay—I'm telling you you can fuck me."

"You think I covered up a whole murder to fuck you?" Steve let out a disappointing sigh, "I did it because I want someone to teach and share my fucking hobby with! I'm tired of pretending to be normal, and you were interesting and fearless. I see myself in you, and I want to share this...gift."

This time it seemed he'd finally gotten through to Billy, his eyebrows pulling up in confusion and that pushy demeanour of his temporarily forgotten. "We can do that again? Do you want to do that again?"

With me?" He leant back, eyeing Steve, "I won't kill for fun. They have to deserve it."

Steve nodded, "Yes, I do, but it won't be for a while" Steve decided his sheets would wait and flopped on the couch, "and I need a nap..." Billy slid down from his perch on the arm of the couch, lifting Steve's legs to set on his lap. He reached over to pick his coffee back up and a donut. "Then take one. You deserve it." Steve reached over to place his coffee on the table. "I still have stuff to do, though," Steve groaned.

"Like what? I'll help."

Steve looked over at Billy. "There is a bag of clothes from the two of us I need to burn, and I have to clean out my car."

"Easy. I'll do it, and you can come to check your car in case I forgot something," he nudged one of his feet, "You gotta sleep first, though. Or else you'll miss all those pesky details."

Steve kind of felt touched? No—happy that Billy wanted to do some of the small details for him. Maybe they would make a good team. But of course, Steve wouldn't say that to Billy's face just yet. "Don't fuck it up."

"Yeah yeah, don't worry, old man, I clean up nice," he joked, wiggling out from under Steve and stealing another donut on his way to where he'd seen him leave the cleaning supplies from last night. It shouldn't be too hard...

Steve grabbed one of the throw pillows on the couch and put it under his head. He felt a little less on edge about getting everything done before cops started looking for someone to pin down for the murder. He watched Billy leave, deep throating another doughnut before getting out of his view. Fuck, it was nice to have such a good pet.

4. Obedience.

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter is just Porn I'm sorry.

Tags have changed for triggers so be aware.

Steve spent a few weeks with Billy now, Teaching him little skills on covering things up, how to stalk and pick victims. They even picked out a guy together, Freddy Dickens. A man from Ohio with a horrible track record for sexual deviancy. Billy liked him, which means Steve likes him.

Steve was worried about Billy's short fuse and impatience for things, but Steve had ways of reigning in his little pet with well-placed words and a smile. Billy always melted in his hands like putty.

They had gotten close—well, close enough.

"Billy, You left your fucking clothes on the couch again," Steve groaned, throwing Billy's loose underwear at him from across the room.

He caught them quickly, sticking a tongue out at him, "If you wanted to sniff my panties that bad, Stevie, you coulda asked."

"Billy, I'm going to fucking kill you..." Steve rubbed his forehead. Honestly, he threatened Billy nearly daily with that, but yet the man was still here making a mess of his house.

"Don't threaten me with a good time, your majesty," Billy threw the underpants back into the guest bedroom where he'd been staying before sidling up behind Steve, "What're we doin today?"

Steve rolled his eyes at him. "We're packing for my business trip, remember?" Steve is obviously more focused on the murder part of the trip than anything else.

"But what are we doing today? Gotta plan everything out, not just how we're going to kill the dude."

Steve walked up to Billy and grabbed him by his jaw, squeezing the skin under his hand "before we plan any further, I need to stalk him a little bit to see his routine."

Billy's eyes grew with excitement, tongue darting out to drag along one of Steve's fingers, "Sounds like a plan, sir. Handsy handsy."

Steve made a face at the wet mess Billy's tongue left behind even though he liked Billy more than he would like to admit.

Somethings this man did were gross, but Steve always found an excuse to touch him despite that. He didn't always mind.

"What? Don't like my tongue on you? That's a first," Billy prodded, jaw flexing in Steve's hand.

Steve leans in a bit of a bit, yearning to bite at his lip, taste him, maybe make him bleed. How does this blonde hot-shot light such a fire in his pants?

"Shut up," Steve mumbled.

Billy just grinned; that knowing smirk as he could see right through Steve pissed him off. It's always a competition with the two of them—who can piss the other off more, who can scare the other, how turned on? It's torture as much as it is a fun game.

Steve squished Billy's face harder, trying to get the smirk off his face, feeling the stubble and hard edges of Billy's face, rubbing his fingers along Billy's lips.

Wanting.

Billy's eyes narrowed, his gaze solid and threatening. "You keep looking at me like that, princess; I might just drop my pants right now," a hand reached out and fisted at Steve's shirt, tugging him closer, "You know I like it rough."

The two of them had done this dance so much, fighting for some kind of control over the other even clearly they already have. One of them always backed down for one reason or another.

"Don't call me that, slut." Steve growled, pushing Billy up against the wall behind them moving his hand to put pressure on Billy's throat.

It only served to force a gasp from him, both of his hands now scrambling to keep their bodies, "What, ah— What would you rather I call you then? Daddy?" Steve felt Billy's hips press against his, "You like choking me, daddy?"

"Oh, someones got Daddy Issues," Steve smiled.

"And you've got control issues." Billy fired back, just as bitinglly.

Steve moved his face closer into Billy's space, breathing against his lips. "Then submit," Steve whispered, tightening his grip against Billy's neck feeling his heartbeat quicken.

A leg wraps itself around his waist, Billy's thigh hiked up and forcing the hard line of his cock to press against Steve's equally—if not begrudgingly—stiff prick. "Make me." Billy hissed out through clenched teeth.

"Put your leg down," Steve growled against his chin as he gripped Billy's belt, undoing it nice and slow. "Don't touch me. At all."

Billy's leg slowly slid down his body, interested in what exactly Steve was planning. He managed to get his belt off before pulling back a bit and manhandling Billy to face the wall. He grunted, struggling against Steve and throwing an elbow back to try and regain his position, "Fuck are you doing, Harrington?"

Steve grabbed Billy's arms and pushed them against the wall using all his body weight to hold him there. While he used his knees to nudge Billy's legs to where he wanted, his voice filtered strong and firm, "If you move from where I put you, I will walk away without any guilt even if you're close to cumming."

"Does that mean you're finally gonna fuck me?" Billy asked breathlessly, cheek pressed up against the wall tightly.

Steve roughly pulled Billy's pants down, chuckling against Billy's ear, "Maybe."

He felt a shiver run up Billy's spine, a soft groan escaping him, "Took you long enough. Never had to work this hard for dick." Billy murmured, tongue darting out to lick at his lips.

Steve wasn't sure how far he was going to go, but he couldn't hold back anymore. Billy needed to be put into his place one way or another. "Shut up," Steve mumbled, sticking two of his fingers into Billy's mouth. "Get them nice and wet, Dollface."

Billy moaned around his fingers, low and broken, as he sucked on them like he imagined Steve's cock. And wasn't that a lovely thought? Billy's tongue swirled around the thick digits, drool dripping down to Steve's wrist from the sheer enthusiasm.

"Good," Steve smirked before pulling them out. Steve backed off a bit, sliding his fingers in between Billy's cheeks, circling his hole and teasing him, breathing into his ear.

Billy's legs trembled a tad—tension obvious in the way the muscles jumped, "You're a fucking tease. Do it."

"Not if you ask like that" Steve licked Billy's ear, just annoying him more; he enjoyed seeing Billy like this, begging and being weak.

"And how the fuck am I supposed to ask then Harrington," Billy growled out.

"Beg for it," Steve removed his fingers away altogether, biting at the shell of Billy's ear. Trying to get a rise out of his new toy to see how far he could push.

"I already begged for it for two months, you bastard," Billy hissed, ass pushing back and trying to chase Steve's fingers, "C'mon put em back."

Steve put pressure on Billy's back, holding him in place with more force "what did I say about moving." Steve purred, "don't make me ask again--beg."

Billy stayed this time, body stiff, "I'm not. You're fucking. Dog." He gasped out, cock leaking with how stuck he felt. How controlled.

"Fine," Steve removed himself off Billy, totally pulling away from the sex-ridden moment between the two of them. Steve had no issues walking away; Billy needed to know he wasn't all talk and had a bite to him.

"Go pack your shit. Robin will be here in an hour to drive us to the airport."

Billy stayed frozen, hands stuck up on the wall and chest pressed against it like Steve had had him seconds ago. His pants pooled down at his ankles, cock a pretty pink as it curved up toward his belly, "Wait, what the fuck?" he cried out, shrill and disbelieving, scrambling to pick up his pants and whip around to face Steve.

Steve couldn't help but smile as he walked back into his room to get back to packing--making sure they had some of the stuff they needed for the hunt. "We will have to buy the rest of the gear once we get into town," Steve explained, acting as if they had been talking about that the whole time.

"Hey-- No no, no, no. What the shit Harrington? Weren't you, like, five seconds from sticking your dick in me?" Billy's pants were unzipped, prick was uncomfortably strained against the zipper as he stumbled after Steve.

Steve grabbed some rope out of his closet, "Hm? Was I?" Steve hummed; his reaction was priceless. "I feel like you didn't wanna play along."

Billy sputtered, "Didn't want to-- Excuse me if I didn't want to beg at you like a bitch in heat. Sorry for having dignity!"

"All you had to say was 'please fuck me,'" Steve shrugged, coiling the rope tightly in his hand.

"Fuck me. There, happy?" The blond huffed, arms crossing over his chest tightly.

"Come on, you can do better than that," Steve smirked as he placed the rope in his suitcase like he was getting ready for a kinky honeymoon.

"It's literally one word. Do you really need it?" Billy strode over to where Steve was and plopped his ass down on the bed in front of the case.

"Billy, I'm busy" Steve let out a playful sigh because, again, this was all part of the game.

"And I'm hard. Your point?" Billy gave him a stern glare, "Fucking fine. If I say please, will you fuck me?"

Steve bit his lip, leaning slowly closer to Billy. Close enough where their lips rubbed together. "Maybe."

It was a close thing--Billy being a brat again--his eyes falling to Steve's lips, but every inch he tried to move forward to kiss him, Steve inched back. "Please. Fuck me."

"Sorry, I didn't hear you," Steve mumbled as he reached for the case to move it onto the floor, giving them more room if they needed it.

Billy's responding scowl was impressive—the tips of his ears turning red as he ground his teeth. "Fuck. Me. Please."

Steve placed his hand on Billy's chest and pushed him back onto the bed. "Good boy, now get undressed," Steve demanded as he unbuttoned his sleeves and rolled them up to his arm.

Billy's eyes grew dark, gaze trailing the long lines of Steve's arms. Chest stuttering as the praise washed over him like a warm bath. He reached for his own shirt—sitting up to strip it over his head, Steve's eyes calculating and calm as they dragged over Billy's body.

It was rare for Steve to see the beauty of Billy's body; it seems like he had gotten a little easier going around him--no longer self-conscious to the point of hiding his scars. Steve slid one of his hands onto Billy's chest, kneading the spot under his palm as Billy was trying to get his pants off.

Once he'd managed to strip, Billy laid back, flat eyes fluttering closed again. He'd gone soft since arguing and fighting Steve, but the soft, firm hand at his chest pushed a quiet hum out of him. "Am I still not allowed to touch you?"

Steve was quiet as he traced his fingers along the lines of Billy's chest, fingers just barely grazing his nipples, "You can only touch me if you're good." Steve dragged his hand slowly down Billy's stomach.

His back bent with it, body chasing after Steve's hand like a man starving, "How do I be good?" His voice soft, having lost the edge of mulish disdain.

"Listen to everything I tell you to do" Steve leaned down and kissed Billy's stomach, something he had wanted to do for a while. Darting his tongue across one of Billy's scars just to know how it tasted. "And, If you act like a brat again, you don't get another chance."

"Obedience. You want me to be obedient," Billy mumbled, bringing a

hand to softly card through Steve's hair.

Steve slapped it away even though he enjoyed the touch of Billy's hand, but Steve needed to be in control of everything; it's how he didn't lose himself. He really didn't want to hurt Billy, which scared him for the first time in his life.

"Just lay there," Steve moved one of Billy's legs up, gripping his thigh tight, so he could quickly get to his ass.

Billy gave a tiny huff, fingers twitching at his sides, but he relented. "Wanna touch you, too." He whispered, quiet. Vulnerable. Steve would see bits of him like this, occasionally. Tiny peeks behind the curtain that shows who Billy is beneath all of his touch-bitch grandeur.

"Soon," Steve bit at Billy's thigh hard enough to leave a mark but not enough to draw blood. God, his skin was so soft.

The action had Billy's crying out, hands digging into the sheets to avoid reaching out again. His chest heaved with a heavy whine, "Fuck Stevie. That. More," he hesitated, "Please."

Steve smiled into Billy's thigh, biting into a different spot to hear that moaning again, to listen to him beg. Steve wished they had more time, but Robin was probably on her way already, about to ruin his mood.

"Ready?" Steve leaned down, putting pressure on Billy's leg as he leaned into it to get closer to his face.

It folded easily under his weight; his knee pressed up to Billy's chest. His cock resting on the hard line of his abs, a pool of steadily leaking slick collected in the divots of carved muscle. "Yes. Fuck yes, I'm ready."

Steve slid his finger into his own mouth, getting them nice and wet before sliding them in between Billy's cheeks and not waiting this time between sliding two fingers in with no warning.

Billy's whole body rocks with the intrusion, a sharp gasp that melts into a moan bounces off the walls of Steve's bedroom. "Ah-! Fuck! Oh my god," his thighs shook around Steve's head.

"Jeez, someone is easy," Steve chuckled, taking another bite into his thigh as he pushed his fingers deeper, curling them inside.

"Fuck you," Billy gasped, back curving and head thrown back as he let out another unhinged moan, "You're rough- ah- I can't help it."

"This is just a start," Steve purred into Billy's thigh, "Gotta be fast though," Steve added another finger, making his movements inside Billy rough and quick.

Billy's hips were bucking back against his fingers, each drag in and out of him angled to press against his prostate. The result being Steve's hand sliding from down Billy's thigh to his hip, grip tight and bruising.

"More," he mewled, eyes shut tight, and mouth propped open in pitiful gasps and moans.

"What's the magic word?" Steve smirked, hoping Billy was prepped enough for him. Steve slid his fingers out, hearing a whine from Billy as he unbuckled his pants.

"Please. Please fuck Stevie. Please, I need it," he was flushed all down his chest, pretty pink nipples pebbled as Steve reached a hand out to pluck meanly at one.

Steve lined himself up with Billy, pushing Billy's legs apart more.

"You can touch now."

Hands scrambled to push Steve closer, hooked around his neck and pulling him down on top of Billy's chest. With the impact, Steve let out a squawking sound of surprise, not having expected Billy to manhandle him into such an intimate position.

"C'mon. Fuck me, Stevie. I need you," he gasped out, mewling into Steve's ear as he held his arms wrapped around his shoulders.

"Hang on, I need to--" Steve shifted a little, biting into Billy's soft neck as he fixed how Billy was holding him. "---You could have just chilled for a second until I got inside of you." He slid his hand down to get his cock against Billy. "I hope you're okay without lube."

Billy made a noise of contemplation, "We'll see, won't we? Either way, I wanted you in me, like, yesterday."

Steve made a face for a second, thinking about how much pain Billy would probably be in, "Here," Steve got his hand back up to spit in it, massaging it onto his own dick—moaning low into Billy's neck. Steve was untouched and hard as fuck; it was unbearable.

"Now, I warned you. I'm a lot..." Steve mumbled; honestly, he was as excited as he was during a hunt. It was not something he was used to. It was different. "I might fuck you up or something. God, I really need to fuck you covered in blood, you know that?"

Billy whined, high and needy. "Do it. Fuck. After we kill Dickens," he wrapped his legs around Steve's hips, heels edging their hips flush together. "We'll bash his fuckin brains in, and you can fuck me as a celebration."

Steve smiled a genuine smile, excitement pouring out of him. He pushed himself into Billy nice and slow as he rambled like a kid in a

candy shop. "Fuck, just --uhh-- or we could drain him of his blood, fuck-- so we can watch him die slowly. Your first real kill."

Billy's head bobbed up and down in agreement, gasping under the pressure of Steve's cock filling him up. "Make him watch just before he dies."

Steve kissed Billy hard on the mouth, sliding his hand onto Billy's thigh, racking his fingers along his flesh.

He rocked into Billy, pulling away from Billy's sweet lips to speak again. "Hmm--yeah, I've always wanted to do that before, I always get so excited, but I'm always alone."

"You've got me," Billy whispered, fingernails leaving bloody crescent moons on Steve's back, "You've got me."

It took one well-targeted push for Billy's head to throw back and a startled gasp to push through the moans. "There. Oh, fuck Steve-Please." Each plead for more cracked and wavered, Billy's voice pitching with need.

Steve bit into Billy's neck again harder, this time as he picked up the pace moving into Billy, trying to hit the same spot as he did before. He wanted to hear Billy scream; he needed it.

Billy's hips twitched against his—fucking himself back against Steve's cock, crying out. Tears welled at the corners of Billy's squeezed-shut eyes, whimpering a constant stream of praise.

Steve manhandled Billy's hips closer, and just the slight shift of position had Billy's vision going white. He cried out, loud and unabashed, "Steve! Fuck! Stevie, baby, please. Oh-! So good, fuck!"

Steve moaned, placing a heavy hand on Billy's marked-up neck. He didn't choke Billy just yet but put enough pressure to feel the vibrations of his partner's moans and heartbeat.

"God, you look so fucking beautiful" Steve licked at Billy's jawline, "I will ruin you."

"Ruin me," Billy gasped, tilting his head up to give Steve more room. His skin mottled with bruises and bites—some nearly bleeding. "Ruin me for anyone, anything, else," he let out a long whine, "M fuckin close Stevie."

Billy's sweet words sent shock waves of pleasure through Steve, getting him close to the edge. Making the beast inside of him growl that he had been holding back.

Steve groaned as he rocked hard and rough into Billy, tightening his hand around Billy's neck as he whispered into his ear, "Cum for me, you slut."

He physically felt Billy orgasm, his body clenching around Steve as his back bowed. A strangled scream shaped like Steve's name ripped from his mouth as he shot ropes of cum across his chest, the mess trapped between him and Steve's bodies.

The tight feeling of Billy's body punched out Steve's orgasm. Next, he squeezed a little harder around the blond's neck as he filled Billy up with a deep groan.

"Fuck," Steve let go of Billy's neck, letting him take a breath as Steve collapsed on top of him, humming with adrenaline.

Strong, tanned arms wrapped around his frame, gasping breaths wheezing from below him. Billy was flushed a gorgeous pink from his cheeks down to the barrel chest Steve's hands laid against.

"I think that's the best fuck I've literally ever had." Billy huffed, rough hands sliding down Steve's body, feeling the cooling sweat on his skin.

Steve laughed, more of a nervous laugh than anything. "I didn't scare you away; it seems" Steve kissed one of Billy's bruises on his neck. "I had to kill the last one."

A startled chuckle erupted from Billy, "Yeah? Good thing I don't scare easy." He tightened his legs, still wrapped around Steve's hips, as emphasis.

Steve hummed lazily "you're perfect," he has probably repeated that a million times to Billy but he was perfect. "We're going to rule the world."

Billy's responding smile was warm and genuine, his hand coming up to cup Steve's cheek. "We already do."

Steve smiled before rolling off Billy sticky and gross. He honestly should have got fully undressed, but he got too excited.

"We can not cum on the victim or anywhere near him," Steve breathes out, "We can't have our DNA on shit."

"Obviously. Still got you hard to imagine it, though." Billy teased, still laid out spread eagle on the bed.

Steve looked over at Billy, "I didn't say we couldn't fuck, though." He moved his eyes all over Billy's body. The bruises were appearing as deep purples. Seeing him like this made Steve want to go harder next time, now that his doll is broken in.

Billy hummed in response, pushing himself up on his elbows, "Gonna take out all that extra adrenaline on me, Stevie?"

Steve nodded, "Hunting always gets me horny." Steve rolled on his side, placing his face into Billy's neck dragging his teeth along the

skin. Fuck, he could really go again.

Billy let out a soft moan, arching his hips up again, "You're a sick fuck," he laughed, eyes crinkling.

"You knew what you signed up for" Steve laughed, "Do you wan--" Before Steve could finish his sentence his doorbell buzzed through the house and he let out a groan.

"Yes. Yes I did want but your perky little girlfriend ruined it." Billy huffed, throwing his head back in a pout. He took a breath before eyeing Steve, a small grin settling itself back on his face, "Well. At least we've got a Mr. Freddy Dickens waiting for us."

5. The Flight.

Steve started awkwardly in his home's doorway, narrowing his eyes at a young man standing by Robin. He was well dressed, better than most people his age; he had dark skin, and his hair was well kept. But Steve wasn't told someone was coming with her.

"Who's this?" Steve asked, confused, a forced emotion.

"Lucas Sinclair, intern." Robin shrugged, scrolling through her phone, probably to make sure everything was ready for them. "Please don't fire this one." Robin pushed through Steve waving Lucas to follow, who just looked overly worried about Steve.

"She's kidding," Steve nervously laughed, "But I do have to ask you a few things if that's okay."

"Like, interview me again?" Lucas let out a groan.

Steve nodded, stepping aside to let Lucas in, which left the man's mouth dropping open at the design. Eyes were trailing around, getting every detail before his eyes landed on Billy, who was messily clothed and bruised with a dumbass smirk on his face.

"Well, I'll be damned. That you, Sinclair?" Billy strode forward to wrap a chummy arm around the scrawny boy's shoulders, "Been a minute since I saw ya."

Steve frowned, not connecting the name to that Lucas Sinclair; he was going to have to fire him. As he closed the door behind him, Steve glared, seeing Lucas's expression toward Billy change from wonder to disgust.

"So, this is where you have been hiding," Lucas pushed Billy away. "Max has been worried," His eyes locked on Billy's neck. "For good reason."

"The fuck is that supposed to mean," Billy crossed his arms over his chest tightly, "I didn't ask to be bitched at about what I do or don't do with men I fuck, kid."

Before Lucas could get another word in, Robin snorted, "Steve has always been rough Lucas, Billy is fine."

Steve looked even more confused at Robin; first off, how did she know? Or was she just being a good friend? "They will fade by tomorrow; it only looks bad because you caught us right after." Steve rubbed the back of his neck, "Honestly, Billy is spoiled here." Which was not a lie.

Billy's shoulders relaxed a bit, not feeling so boxed in and trapped

with Steve backing him. "Steve doesn't hurt me. I'm fine. I'll call Max later today... I didn't realize she was worried."

Lucas eyed Steve, not really buying it, "Yeah, She has been trying to get a hold of you" Lucas's mind changed when Steve walked up to Billy and kissed his cheek, whispering something softly in his ear—presumably something cute.

"Do you want me to kill him?" Steve mumbled against his ear.

Billy debated it, wrapping an arm around his waist and smiling before leaning forward to whisper back, "Nah. He's my kid sister's boyfriend. She'd be sad."

Steve kissed him as an agreement for him not to do anything to Lucas, making everyone else in the room go quiet and awkward.

"Flight is in 3 hours. Are you already packed, Dingus?" Robin asked, making a face.

Billy bit his lip to contain a laugh, "He's always packing, but yeah, we both got our shit ready. Not taking too much." He planted a brief kiss on Steve's neck, winking at her before wanting back into the house to retrieve them. Billy loved having eyes on him, whether it was good attention or not.

Steve smiled at them while Billy went to get stuff, "So my Dad is meeting us at the airport?"

Robin nodded, Handing Lucas her Coffee. "Yes, Papa Harrington will be there."

Both Steve and Lucas cringed at that, "Robin, please don't call him that."

Billy called out for Lucas to come to help him, the two stumbling out with a few pieces of luggage, "Oh shit, I'm meeting the parents?" Billy grunted once he'd made it back to the living room, a carry-on bag full of both he and Steve's belongings thrown over his shoulder.

"Parent," Steve corrected; Steve's mother had been dead a long time only because he killed her.

"Steve mom's dead," Robin added as she sat down on Steve's couch with a sigh. "Don't expect much from his dad either."

Steve shrugged her off, "He's fine; I promise he'll love you."

Robin snorted, "He doesn't even like you." Steve glared at her, even though it was honestly true.

"And you had the gall to say I had daddy issues," Billy joked with a smile, gently nudging Steve, "Dads are overrated anyway. All they're perfect for is keeping bigotry alive and therapists in demand."

Robin snapped her fingers, "Better be taking notes, kid; you're

learning Harrington secrets!" That made Lucas laugh but made Steve's stomach turn in anger. He really didn't like Lucas.

"That is very true, sweetheart," Steve smiled fakely as he grabbed some bags from Billy to help.

Billy bit back a laugh at the thinly veiled anger he could recognize in Steve's tone—their time together making him easy to read. "C'mon squares; I'm kickin your asses if we're late cause of you."

"He will. Trust me," Lucas mumbled, which got Robin out of her seat pretty fast.

The car ride was annoying for Steve, but he spent most of the ride tracing the lines in Billy's hands, trying to keep himself calm while Robin trained Lucas to do her job.

Getting through the lines at the airport was worse even though they were on a private jet. Most eyes were on Billy, which Steve wasn't happy with at all. It honestly drove him nuts.

Once everyone was seated in the plane, Steve was right across from his father, who honestly didn't even notice he walked in with someone. His face was buried in his phone like always. Billy sat beside Steve, and for a reason he couldn't decipher, he felt nervous.

"I see why you didn't accept my invitation," Steve's dad mumbled.

"Plus, it's mom's anniversary, and I'm not about to have to carry you home from a strip club." Steve sighed.

Billy had been little more than a decoration on Steve's arm, sticking next to him as he insisted--regardless of his faux intimidating father. Billy had been trying his best to keep him relaxed, a warm, heavy hand settling himself over his thigh in silent support.

It was off-kilter, in a way, meeting someone as closed off and brutish as Harrington senior. It left Billy tip-toeing on eggshells to avoid upsetting either of the Harrington men. Billy wasn't usually the type to give a fuck whether he angered someone--but he was really fond of Steve and would like to keep him.

Steve placed his hand on Billy's, his hand oddly comforting for him. He didn't know if it was Billy himself or just the fact he could take his anger out on him later.

"I really wish you would stop bringing that up." Steve's father groaned, looking up from his phone in total disgust for his son.

"Alright, everyone, I want GPS signals on at all times. I'm not about to lose anyone to this stupid murderer."

Steve gripped Billy's hand hard, making him quietly hiss in surprise

and looking at Robin through the seats, who shook her head knowing that would annoy Steve. As much as he loved control, he hated being controlled.

"Don't you think that's a little overkill, dad?"

Billy piped up this time, willing himself to look over to the suited figure across from them, "With all due respect, I doubt anything will happen. We're all big boys," he paused to eye Robin, "and girl. We'll fare just fine, I think."

Just before Steve's dad spoke up again, Robin sat down in the empty seat beside him. "And well, The king only goes for young, beautiful men normally, so I think we're all pretty safe--besides Billy, that is."

Steve frowned at Robin. "How do you know so much?"

"There's a fan-site. This guy, Tommy, runs it. It's got a lot of info if you ignore him wanting to get railed by the guy." Robin snorts, getting a side-eye by Steve's father.

"What? People wanna fuck him?" Steve looked wildly surprised. Who the fuck--other than Billy--wanted to fuck him?

"Ohhh," Billy chuckled into his fist, "Sexy murderer fetish. Someone never got out of their Pyramid Head phase. How knowledgeable is this guy?"

Steve's father let out an audible sigh from this conversation as he tried to ignore them.

"I'd say he is pretty knowledgeable," Robin nodded, "he has this map where he marked every place he hit with the victims' names. He also has pictures. I can send it to you guys if you want."

"If it makes you shut up, please do," Steve's father groaned, leaving Steve to let out a low growl of anger.

Even Billy pulled a face, "If you were so worried about getting murdered by him, wouldn't it do to know more about him and his habits?" He snarked back, not helping the soft curl of rage toward men like him. The familiar pull of a scowl on thin lips and beady eyes looking down on everyone and everything--women in particular.

"It's more I hate the sou--" before his father could finish, Steve kicked at his shin.

"I'm not spending three hours with you being a fucking prick," Steve raised his voice, "We fucking get it--your wife died, but sadly you're not the only one here who was affected by those events, so either shut the the fuck up or move seats."

Robin stared at Steve, terrified by this version of Steve she has never seen before but also grateful he stood up for her, and himself, for

once.

Steve's father gaped his expression a confused astonishment like he wasn't sure if he should be enraged or impressed. He must've decided because his eyebrows pulled into a deep scowl, glaring right at his son. His mouth opened and closed a few times before settling into a thin line of barely concealed detestment. It left both Billy and Lucas struggling to maintain a calm composure—lips pressed together to avoid laughing.

"Before you try to kick me out of this plane, you know full well half of the investors at this meeting like me more than you." Steve hissed through his teeth, totally pissed and different demeanor than anyone but Billy had seen.

Sometimes Steve thinks he might have killed the wrong parent, but he also wouldn't be where he is without his father.

Steve's father didn't say a thing as he stood up and walked to the front of the plane, where his secretary was sitting many seats away from them. Robin let out a breath she was holding. "What the fuck was that, Steve?"

"Don't fuck with my employees," Steve sighed and sat back into his seat. Billy's arm slid back up his thigh, and if it was a bit higher up than before, no one mentioned it.

"That was kinda hot. Big 'ol knight in shining armor Steve," Billy teased, pulling a snort out of Lucas finally.

Steve smirked at Billy, giving him a light kiss on the cheek just to play up this lovesick game. "Anyway, you were saying, Robin. This Tommy kid?"

Robin kinda snapped out of her weird out state, "Yeah.... um, yeah," she pulled out her phone, typing something in before handing it to Steve, who made sure Billy could see it too. "So, that's the map I was talking about. He thinks that Ohio is where he would normally hit this time of year."

Steve froze, looking at all of his kills in front of him. This kid had figured out his pattern, which cities hit during what month. He looked at Billy with a side-eye, whose eyebrows were drawn in tight. He let out a low whistle, "Kid reaaaaally likes serial killers. Fuck, how long has he been watching this guy?" He quietly reached over and pointed toward the most recent kill—Billy's kill. The bar from that night was marked on the map.

"I don't know how long, but it's just interesting that he linked these murders before the cops did." Robin shrugged.

Steve just stared at the screen; how the fuck did he know about that murder? Steve had made sure it didn't link to him at all. "Why does he think the Hawkins murder links?" Steve looked up at Robin.

"Historically, he killed in Hawkins at least once a year" Robin leaned in and scrolled on the map. Steve was glad his mother wasn't on it, which was a relief.

This time Lucas leaned forward, elbows perched on his knees, "Wait, we haven't even had that many murders by him, though. One or two, maybe."

Robin's eyes lit up, her finger coming up and wagging right between his eyes, "No, no-no. See, this is what makes Tommy such a genius —"

"Weirdo," Billy teasingly corrected.

"Genius. I mean, think about it. All these weird, freaky deaths? Some of the bodies just happen to be missing a portion of their skulls?" Robin sat back against her seat with a breath, shaking her head, "I swear I'm not the conspiracy type, but Tommy makes everything make sense."

Steve took a sharp breath in handing Billy the phone completely. He couldn't look at it anymore--this Tommy guy was going to get him caught if cops found this and were actually smart enough to use it.

"Is he doing this to get the guy caught or just to annoy him enough to get killed?" Steve wondered.

Robin shrugged, not totally sure, "Could be either, or the kid just likes crazy people."

"I mean, like she said, dude wants to get in some royal panties. I say it's a fetish for criminals or something," Billy snickered, sticking his tongue in his cheek and miming a blowjob.

Steve eyed Billy, watching his tongue in his mouth; he felt like maybe Billy also had the fetish. He always seemed to get turned on when they talked about murder. "Is that normal?" Steve furrowed his brow.

"Oh, Steve, you sweet bean..." Robin sighed.

Billy smoothed his hand up and down Steve's thigh, giving it a soft squeeze, "It's not unheard of. All that danger? The excitement of literally doing someone illegal rather than something. It's fun."

Steve licked his lip a little trying to hide how turned on he was from Billy saying that. Something about it just did something to him. "I guess just seems a little weird is all I'm saying" Steve shrugged.

"Agreed. But hey, to each their own," Robin smiled, enjoying how uncomfortable Steve looked.

Billy snorted, "Either way, y'all can have your boring sexual encounters. The danger keeps things exciting. Why do you think this happened?" He hooked his finger into the collar of his shirt, riding it down to showcase the purpling bruises and barely-there print of Steve's hand.

Steve looked like a deer in headlights for a moment as Robin was holding back a laugh. "Okay, but that was different" Steve reached over and slapped Billy's hand away from the shirt, letting the collar flop back up and hide away the marks again.

"It doesn't SEEM different" Lucas leaned in from the other set of seats.

Billy laughed hard, shoulders bounce and hand gripping Steve's, "What, Lil Steviekins is all shy, now?" He leaned in just a bit, bringing his lips to Steve's ear and gently taking the lobe between his teeth, "Wonder how much I need to tease you to get you to go harder next time."

Steve grabbed Billy's throat roughly out of instinct; his personality split into what Billy was used to. The blank eyes and long, drawn-out sighs when he was annoyed with him.

Everyone was silent; thankfully, the overhead speakers told everyone to buckle up for the flight. Steve mouthed "stop" before leaving Billy, sliding back into this seat already making jokes about planes.